

Mrs. Graham's CUCUMBER and ELDER Flower Cream.

Is not a cosmetic but permanently beautifies. It creates a soft, velvety skin, and by daily use gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a constant protection from the effects of sun and wind and prevents sun burn and freekles, and blackheads will never come white you use it. It cleanses the face far better than soap andwater nourshes any builds up the skin flasues and thus prevents the formation of wrinkles. It gives the freshness, clearness and smoothness of skin that you had when a little girl. Every lady, young or old ought to use it, as it gives a more youthful appearance to any lady, and that permanently. It constants no acid, powder or sikall, and is as harmless as dew and as nourishing to the skin as dew is to the flower. Price \$1.00, at Druggists and at Mrs. M. T. Patterson's establishment, 48 South liths Lincoln, Neb., where she treats bedieces for all blemiskes to face or figure. Ladies at a distance treated by letter. Send stamp for her ittle book "How to be Beautiful."

If you Deposit your Savings

Lincoln Savings Bank

Safe Deposit Co. S. E. cor. 11th and P Sts.

THEY WILL EARN INTEREST FOR YOU

At the Rate of

5-Five per Ct. per Annum-5

Save \$5.00 a week and it amounts with interest in five years to \$1,500.00. Bank opens at 9:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and

Saturday evenings, 5 to 8 p. m. Safes to Rent in Burgtar and Fire Proof Vaults.

The Holidays! Strictly Pure and the

In the City, at

FOLSOM'S

1307 O STREET.

We make a specialty of catering Ice Cream and Fruit Ices for Balls, Parties, Weddings, etc., and can serve them in the brick or by the quart on short notice at reasonable prices. Fancy Cakes of all kinds made to order. Telephone orders receive prompt attention. Call up 501.

Dr. Alma J. Coe, Office, 1704 M Street. LINCOLN, NEB.

Chronic and acute diseases of women and children. Will be at Opelts Hotel Wednes-day and Thursday of each week. Will treat difficult and complicated cases sent to the

Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., 2 to 7 p. m.

W. T. SAWYER, Prop.

This beautiful new house is now unde new management. All the latest convenpassenger elevator and superb service.

Tabe Unsurpassed!

Street Cars to all Depots pass the door

Cor. 12th and 0 Sts.

What Is a Year?

WRAT IS A YEAR? A LITTLE SPACE-A FOOTSTEP IN OLD TIME'S SWIFT RACE-A WRINKLE ADDED TO THE FACE.

THE SPRING'S GREEN LEAVES, THE SUM-MER'S SUN. FALL, WINTER'S FROSTS - THE YEAR IS

DONE. TWELVEMONTH COURSE IS QUICKLY

THIS PROBLEM PONDER, MORTAL MAN, AS OTHERS HAVE SINCE TIME BEGAN-HOW BEST EMPLOY THIS LITTLE SPAN.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY ALFRED BALCH.

[Copyright All rights reserved]



WEEK from tonight, Miss Chloe," said Will Fosdick, giving the girl a lingering pressure of the hand as he looked at her with that touch of heightened color which marks exceeding admira-

"Yes, a week from tonight," responded Miss Chloe Davis, with a smile. "Kitty and Sam will be there, and father says his old friend, the bishop, will come to us. We won't have a large party. but we will try and have a good time." "I am sure to enjoy myself," said Mr. Fosdick meaningly, "when"-

"I know, when Kitty is there! But then Kitty' "Kitty be blessed!" said her compan-

ion quickly. "Why, Mr. Fosdick! and your own

cousin, too!" "Oh, she's a mighty good girl, of course; no one can say anything but that; but I wasn't thinking of her just

"Really I must be going home," said Miss Chloe hastily. "Mother will be sure to want me. I do hope the weather will clear up before New Year's. This rain has lasted about as long as it's pleasant.

"Yes, that's true. The water is very high in the dam now, and, although we draw off all we can, I'm afraid they're getting too much of it."

"There's no danger, is there?" asked the girl, her face slightly paling as she spoke. "Father has always been afraid of it, you know.

"No; I do not think there is. However, I guess it'll come out all right, Miss Chloe, I-that is, you-I mean!" and Will Fesdick stopped.

The girl hurriedly broke in: "Mr. Foslick, I must go. Good-by, and don't forget!" and with a wave of her hand she disappeared around a corner of the

The little village of Cartersville, in Colorado, had grown and prospered on the mines which made the hills around it treasure houses. Mr. Davis, the father of prity, dark eyed 18-year-old Chloe, was the superintendent of Southern Belle, and tall, fair haired Will Fosdick was the assayer at the Star of the West. Common interests in their work had brought the two men together in the irst place, but, so far as the younger was Largest and Finest Line concerned, he soon found a reason to and then he saw clearly the house was as desperately in love as a man couwell be, but so far he was obliged :

confess with many an inward sigh ib " he did not know if the girl cared by him. She was always pleasant, always apparently glad to see him, but he had never been able to bring matters to a point, often as he had tried. His own shyness and his real belief that she was so much better than himself had made him stammer and pause until she es caned as she bad that day.

The village was built in a long, straggling line down the narrow valley between the hills. Here and there on the hillsides were the mills in which the ore was worked, and winding like a great yellow snake the stage road ran back and forward until it ended at "Carter's," the universal store, saloon and hotel, which might have been called the center of the place. At the head of the valley was the dam built by the mining companies in partaership, which stored up the water used in the mills and which the shrewdest of the engineers about Cartersville did not believe particularly safe. The house occupied by Mr. Davis was in the lower part of the village, built of wood like the rest, and was a pretty place to look at in summer, with the flowers in front, which Miss Chloe had raised with so much care.

For ten days past the rains had been heavier than any man remembered to have seen, and the gullies, which were dry during the summer months, were now miniature torrents. The dam was full, and the wasteway at one side was open wide, while down between its rocky walls the water rushed night and day. European or American Plan! And during all that week it rained, rained, rained, until people became seri-

ously alarmed over the possible outcome. In the mean time Will Fosdick saw FINEST SUITES IN THE CITY Chloe Davis three times. He would have seen her more had it been possible, for certainly there was no lack of desire on his part. Each time he resolved to put his fate to the question, but each time he came away without having done so, and then spent an hour reviling his iences, such as bath rooms on every floor, own timidity, which seemed to tie his tongue just when he wanted to speak. And Miss Chloe! Miss Chloe's pretty eyes sparkled as she laughed in her musical fashion over her own thoughts.

Miss Chloe was not afraid, for she knew. New Year's day came on Wednesday in 1890, and in the afternoon about 3 o'clock Will Fosdick came out of the laboratory of the Star of the West and looked, as usual, down the valley to where the Davis house stood. He could see the figure of a girl standing in front, and he wondered whether he would have a chance that evening, and if he had it whether he would have sand enough to take advantage of it. And as he stood heavy board charged down at him, and

mile away a fearful sight.

went down like grass before a gale amid the shricks and cries of the people. Fosdick himself was at a height which made him safe, and he stood for a minute or two like one in a dream, pinching to the rock in an eddy. Reaching it and



himself to make sure he was awake was all so horrible! He saw a man be knew well-Jack Corter-start to run up the hillside, but the brown monster caught him and swept him down.

For the part of a second Fosdick saw them thrown into a wild heap, and then the flood passed over them. The water struck Carter's store, which stood for a moment, rose bodily and floated, turning and swaying as though with a hideous drunkenness. Then it struck against an ore house and seemed to crumble down into the surging flood, carrying with it two men and a woman with a child in her arms, who had climbed out on the roof. Once a man's body was shot up by the water until it stood waist high, and the man struggled, waving his arms and trying to escape. Then he was dragged down by the legs by the incarnate cruelty which had thus given him a glimpse of life, only to snatch it from him forever.

Will Fosdick started as though struck by a bullet. In watching the frightful tragedy before him he had forgotten Chloe. Was she safe? He turned and looked eagerly down the valley. For a moment a mist seemed to blur his eyes,



call on the Davises which had nothing to not there. By a determined effort he do with the character of the ore in the turned and walked slow!y back and for-200 feet level. To state it briefly, he was | ward a few times, for he realized that fore all things it was necessary for m to be cool and to show a level head.

hen he looked out before him. The flood of water was nearly a quar-

er of a mile wide. It had evidently degroyed the greater part of the village. and although there was no longer a torrent, yet the current was very swift. To reach the place where the Davis house stood Will Fosdick would have had to cross the water, and this, as there was not a boat in the village, was impossible. There was a chance, perhaps, to

cross about five miles down, where the valley narrowed to the Needles, two great spires of rock which had had a bridge thrown across between them for the use of two mines, one on either side, and Will Fosdick started as rapidly as he could walk. It was a dreary trip, with evidences on every side of the awful destruction which had been wrought by the water. He came across the body of a man, the skull smashed in, which had been left on the ground by the first great wave, and with a shudder recognized it as that of Mr. Brooks, the superintendent of the Star of the West. He paused long enough to cover it with stones so the coyotes could not get at it. About a mile from the Needles, as

Will Fosdick was picking his way among the stones which covered the ground, he heard a sound as though some one were sobbing. He halted and listened. There could be no doubt that it was a woman crying. In his intense desire to search for Mr. Davis' house he may be pardoned if he hesitated for a moment before going to the rescue. He thought of Chloe; he was thinking of nothing else, and it seemed to drive him wild-the uncertainty about her fate. Only for a moment, though, did he pause, for Will Fosdick was a man before all else, and then turning he made his way down to the water's edge. There, about a hundred yards out were two rocks, between which some fencing or wreckage of some kind had wedged, and clinging to the wood was a woman. Will Fosdick looked and wondered if it could be done. It was only a hundred yards, but it was a terrible job. The brown water rolled swiftly by at his feet, and down the swirling stream came logs and boards and furniture, making the way almost impassable. If the woman was to be

saved there was no time to be lost. Running up the bank three hundred yards Will Fosdick threw off his coat and plunged into the water. It caught hold of him with the grip of a strong man and dragged him down until his feet touched the ground. With a tremendous effort he sprang up, and reaching the top struck out, fighting his way inch by inch out toward the rocks. A

he heard in the clear, pure air a peculiar | heatucked just in time to save his head; noise, and turning he saw about half a he met a raffle of wreckage and was forced to crawl over it, cutting his leg The great dam was covered with a on a sharp nail. Bit by bit he worked wave of brown water pouring over the ahead, but all the while he was being top. As he looked this seemed to sink swept down the stream, and he knew down for a second, then rise again, and a the current through the Needles must be rolling mass of water swept down the death. Nearing the lower rock he made narrow valley. The houses in its path a determined dash for it, only to be

driven off by a timber and carried down. For a moment he thought his life had been risked in vain, when the current slackened and he found himself floating crawling up he lay for a moment to gather breath and a little strength before attempting the rescue of the woman he came to save. Then climbing over the top he lowered himself down. As he saw the brown hair a quick throb startled him, and in the whisper of excitement he called. The woman raised her head and his look met Chloe's eyes!

It did not take Will Fosdick two seconds to leap down and seize the girl, to lift her up into his arms and to carry her up on the rock. It was as though he had the strength of ten men! Then hold ing her tight he kissed her passionately. There was no more shyness, no more hesitation; he had rescued his love from death, and he had her safe. And Chloe put her head down on his shoulder and sobbed, clinging to him closely and now and then trembling violently. Death had been very near to ber that day!

"How on earth did you get here, my darling?" he asked when the girl became a little quieter.

"I don't know, Will. I was standing in front of the house when suddenly the water swept me off my feet. It rolled me over and over; it seemed to press me to death. I felt something and caught hold of it, and then I fainted. How long it was before I came to myself I do not know, but when I woke up I was lying on some boards which were floating on the water. I pulled myself upon them and waited. I was sure I would die, and I thought about you"-"My own love!"

"I thought you must be dead, and I did not care much whether I was saved. Then I cried, thinking I would never see you again.'

"That was what I heard, my darling!" "Did you know it was me?"

'No. I was hurrying down to cross at the Needles and I heard the cry. "And you were going to save me, but stopped for another girl?" said Chloe, with something of her own tone. "Oh,

"Well, dearest, I could not leave a woman to die," began Will.

"Well, dear," said the girl very softly and earnestly, "don" you know how proud I am of you for doing it? Don't I know how you wanted to go on and look for me? And then if you had not I should have died. But how did you get out here?" "I swam out."

"What! Across that awful place?" asked the girl with a shudder, clinging

"Yes. It wasn't so bad, I'd swim twenty of them to hold you in my arms, Chloe, and knew you love me. You do love me, don't you?" "Yes," she whispered.

'You never let me know it." "You never asked me," she answered

with a laugh. "But, Will, how can we fellows off. get ashore? I want to know how mother is and if she's safe." 'We can't get ashore till the water goes down. You could never live to

there! That's your bouse there, stranded just this side of that point." "So it is, and there's mother looking

cross that current. But, Chloe, look

out of the window. Is it safe there?" "Perfectly; the water is going down. Is your father at home?"

'No; he went across the mountains this morning. But what an awful thing

And so, talking over the horror of the flood, and at times talking about their love, the two staid on the rock all that night. Will contrived to make a fire at which they dried their clothes, and by early morning the water had gone down enough to let him carry her ashore. They made their way to the house, where Mrs. Davis kissed and hugged her daughter as one raised from the dead. Mr. Davis came home about noon to find all well and safe. He and Will Fosdick joined the men who were bringing those who had escaped together, and the Davis house was made into something like a hospital before night. Help came from the surrounding towns, and gradually things began to look well again. It was nearly the end of March before Will Fosdick and Chloe Davis were married, but as he was then the superintendent of the Star of the West they had a good start. But neither of them will ever forget the flo: 1, nor the association. swim which Will took in the swirling brown water to reach the rock where he could rescue the "other girl," and where he found his love and his wife.



Wife-On Christmas day you came around with a nice sealskin sack, and now you come around on New Year's with nothing but a measly little pin cushion.

Husband (gloomily)-And to-morrow I shall probably come around with a sher-

Miss Johnston is doing nearly all the work in the city in the line of ladies' hair dressing. shampooing, etc. Her patronage has steadily increased from the first day she opened in Lincoln until no w that lady numbers among her customers nearly all the leading ladies of the city. Her parlors are centrally located 1114 O street, and appointments may be made and all the latest styles at the proper prices at



Said Father Time, "Oh, '90, you Have proved yourself to be untrue! Oh, faithless year, you stand confest, You've gone back on me like the rest

A Difficult Political Problem.

The present condition of the "Irish question" is a fresh illustration of the extreme difficulty of creating a federal or complete home rule system where it does not arise naturally. All recent writers on civil government concede that America has added one great and valuable feature to the science, but it was the result of a happy accident. The colonies were planted separately and acted separately; the states merely continued and developed their individual control of local affairs, and the oblem of the men of 1787 was to comoine the separated sovereignties in a national union. In all other countries the problem has been exactly the reverse-to create the local governments-and no ountry has yet fully succeeded in it.

A True Friend.



He-Mabel, last February you promised to give me your answer on New Year's day. Since then I have generously refrained from seeking your company. claim you.

know I've been engaged to Charlie Smith since March.

He-Oh, that's all right. He's a friend of mine, and I asked him to become engaged to you as a favor to keep the other

She-Yes, but we were married last

week. Misjudged.

Employe-Now that it's the first of the year I thought I should like to talk with you about an increase of my sal-

Head of Firm-Tut, tut! Can't possibly do it. You're getting a good salary. are not married, and have no incum-

affairs. I belong to a building and loan

Head of Firm-Heavens! Sign these partnership papers.

Forced to It.

Travers-This is the first New Year's remember where I can look back and say that I haven't bought a thing that I haven't paid for.

Dashaway-Has it been so bad as that? Travers-What do you mean?

Dashaway-Couldn't you get any one o trust you? The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company again at the front supplying the finest grades of coal at the lowes price.

Ladies will find a complete line of fine shoes herwin's Boston Shoe Store.

Weather Probabilities for November and December.

Indications point to cold, frosty weather, That however, will make no difference to those who travel on the stram-heated electric-lighted limited vestibuled trains which are run only by the Chiengo, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Omaha and Chieago. This elegant train leaves Omaha at 6:19 p. m., arriving in Chicago at 9:30 a. m., in time to make all eastern connections. For further information apply to your nearest ticket agent.

F. A. NASH, General Agent, 1501 Farnam street, Omaha. W. S. Howell, Traveling Freight and Pas-

"Is this the best?" Is a question often asked when medicine is wanted. The following are a few of the medicines of known reliability sold by A. L. Shader, druggist of his place. They have many other excellent medicines, but these are worthy of special mention:

HAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY, fam ins for its cure of severe colds, and as a preventative for eroup. Price 50 cents per bottle. CHAMBERLAIN'S PAIN BALM, a general family liniment and especially valuable for rheumatism. Price 50 cents per bottle.

HAMBERLAIN'S COLIC, CHOLERA AND DIARRHOEA REMEDY, the most reliable known medicine for bowel complaints. It is especially prized by persons subject to colic. It has cured many cases of chronic diarrhoea

Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. St. Patrick's Pills, for disorders of the liver and bowels. A vigorous but gentle physic that cleanses and renovates the whole

Lincoln St. Joe & KansasCity. Through Sleepers and Parlor Cars.

system. Price 25 cents per box.

The day of transfers, changes and delays between Lincoln, St. Joe and Kansas City is over, the B. & M. having placed in service a line of combination sleepers and parlor chair cars that for convenience, elegance and comfort surpass anything heretofore run between these points. The present schedule is as follows: Leave Lincoln, 8:30 p. m. daily, arrive in St. Joe 5:27 a. m., Kansas City 7:50 a. m.; returning, leave Kansas City 9:15 p. m. daily St. Joe 11:45 p. m., arrive at Lincole 7:50

These trains run via Beatrice, Wymore and Table Rock and make close connections at terminal points. The service is really excellent and we can recommend it with much confidence. Further information can be obtained at union depot or city office corner O and Tenth streets.

A. C. ZIEMER, City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Doctors Bailey & Goodell, office 1347 L street. Telephone, 617.

E. R. Guthrie has added a saddle manufactory department to his carriage establishment and is now prepared so supply any and all kinds of harness or saddlery goods, just as you want it, on short notice and on most reasonable terms. You know the number, 1540

Only place in Lincoln that uses mineral water in baths is at 1016 O street.

H. P. Sherwin, 1124 O street, has a present for every one of his customers that cannot fail to be appreciated. He will give to every and now, my darling, I have come to customer a fine cravon picture made from any photo that is desired and it will not cost She-Alas: I fear it is too late. You you a cent. Call in at his drug and shoe store and see how it is done. 1124 O street.

> For Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors for family trade, call on Louis A. Ksensky, 138 North Tenth street.

Miss C. J. Guilmette, modiste, second floor Exposition building. Take elevator.

For A Christmas Present.

To self, wife, daughter, son, friend, pastor, school or library, nothing better can be found than THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE in eleven elegant, large octavo volumes with

over 6000 pages, handsomely illustrated with

160 full page portraits. Sold on monthly installments, Address N. E. Leach, state agent, 2322 Vine Street, Lincoln or Room 6, Ledwith block. An elegant Remarque proof etching, nicey framed, only \$6 at Crancer's, 212 South

Electric Light, White Wings and Minnesota High Patent, three of the best brands of flour ever offered in Lincoln are now sold exclusively at Britton's new grocery, 1410 O street. Call and see some and get prices, or telephone 780 for a trial sack. The "High Patent" is the finest flour in the market and a trial will so convince every lover of good

The Lincoln Steam Laundry having recently changed hands and undergone many improvements is now better than ever prepared to execute work in the very best manner, promptly and at popular prices. Mr. A. W. Day the new proprietor has adopted a new and improved process for washing and handling garments, by which no bleaching Employe (haughtily)—Sir, you have or injurious materials are used; the fruest evidently been misinformed about my fabrics such as silks, laces, flounces, flaquels or cotton goods are laundried in first class manner, without the least damage. One tria will convince the most skeptical that the Lincoln Steam Laundry does the finest work in the city. All goods called for and delivered. Telephone 62.

> Jupitor Coal is a winner and Betts & Weaver, sole agents have plenty of it. Try a ten.

> B, F. Pyle & Co. have decided to close out their book department, and will discontinue that portion of the business. They have a big line embracing the works of the most popular authors, all of which will be sold way below regular prices. For holiday presents nothing nicer can be found.

> You can make a dollar go farther at Herpolsheimer & Co's, for holiday goods than anywhere in the west.

> The Rambler bicycle is coming more in popular favor daily as the machine comes into general use. It is undoubtedly the best adapted for speed, comfort and safety, of any of the machines. Call and see it at E. R. Guthrie's, 1540 O street.

Legal Notice.

Legal Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of license to me granted, by the district court of Lancaster county, Nebraska, I will sell for cash, at public auction, at the east front door of the Court House in the City of Lincoln, on Tucsday, the 29th day of January, 1891, between the hours of one and two o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real property, of the skate of Jen McAllister, deceased, towit: Lot II, of block 17, and the west 3, of lot 9, and the east half of lot 10, of block 55, all in the City of Lincoln, Nebraska,

John S. Gregory,

Administrator, estate of John McAllister.

Mes. Graham's Boudoir at Exposition